

DUKE and no DUKE:

O R

Trapolin's Vagaries.

F A R C E:

M E M O I R S

As it is now ACTED,

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. DONALDSON, at *Pope's Head*,
opposite the Exchange.

M,DCC,LXI.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.



LAVINIO, Duke of Tuscany } Mr. PARSONS.

ALBERTO, } His Coun. Mr. STANDEN.
BARBARINO, } fellows Mr. LIESTER.

BRUNETTO, Prince of Savoy } Mr. KING.

A PURITAN, Mr. LANCASHIRE.

A CONJURER, Mr. LEWIS.

TRAPOLIN, a Pimp and Buffoon } Mr. STAMPER.

W O M E N.

ISABELLA, Duchess of Tuscany, } Mrs. MOZEEN.

PRUDENTIA, Sister to the Duke, } Mrs. STANDEN.

FLAMEYTA, in love with TRAPOLIN, } Mrs. LOVE.

TWO WOMEN.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

DUKE and no DUKE:

O R

Trapolin's Vagaries.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street.

Enter TRAPOLIN and FLAMETTA.

TRAPOLIN.

FOREVER thine, my dear Flametta.

Fla. Thanks, my dearest.

But am not I a fool to love you thus,

When you've been absent these two tedious days?

Oh, Trapolin! how much reproach do you deserve!

Trap. Pretty rogue, how she fires my heart! now could I cry like any roasted lobster — What wou'd old

Lord Barbarino give for such a kind word from her? —

But young and poor as she is, she's yet most constant and truly virtuous. — Not that I care much for virtue neither.

Alas! my dear, I have of late been much oppress'd with business: my honour, my love, my honour was at stake for procuring convenients for no less than five ministers of state: it has been dead trading of late, but 'tis a comfort to see times mend now we are upon our matrimony.

Flam. Let me conjure you, leave these vicious courses; you must indeed, or we must never marry: — but you will be my convert and reform, will you not, Trapolin?

A 2

Trap.

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

Trap. All in good time, love; all in good time: it becomes me to see my betters go before me. When I do mend, I shall certainly do it to some purpose, I am so long about it—Mean time, d'ye see, I give thee leave to be honest, and that I think is pretty fair. Who's here? my rival!

[*Dallies with her.*

Enter BARBARINO and Officers.

Barb. Here is the the villain with his handsome wench, and, what afflicts me more, an honest one.—I have these many weeks attempted her, but neither threats nor presents can prevail. Ha! that kiss darts through my soul!—'Twou'd bribe a Cardinal!—Well, on pretence of his enormities, I have procured this order from the Duke for his immediate banishment, and when he's once remov'd I may succeed.

Trap. (*kissing her.*) Again my dear—My pretty little sweet-lips—My good Lord Barbarino, your honour's humble servant—For this free promise, love, I ne'er enough can thank thee—Your Lordship's to command—No fortune shall divide or change our wills—Your Honour's slave—What's wealth or power where hearts consent like ours?—Your Lordship's vassal—When thou dost sigh, thy Trapolin shall weep—Your Honour always shall command me—And when thou sing'st—

Flam. We are observ'd;

Learn to be honest, and I am thine for ever. (*Exit.*

Trap. Your Lordship saw how I was employed. The poor wretch has taken a sort of liking to me, and your lordship knows I am a person of a liberal education; that I bear not a breast of flint, nor was I nurst with the milk of Hircanian bulls; but if your Lordship has any thing to command, lo, here I stand, I'll *fido* Trapolino, your honour's humble servant in all things possible and impossible.

Barb. You are a saucy peremptory villain! and have too long escap'd the stroke of justice; but here's a warrant from the Duke, to drive you forth from out our city-gates, and when you're seen again in Tuscany, that minute forfeits your abandon'd life. Thus hath the Duke decreed.

Trap.



Trap. At whose request, pray?

Barb. At mine.

Trap. Really! troth I am glad to find your Honour hath so much interest with his Highness; therefore make choice of your Honour to sollicite my repeal.

Barb. Audacious slave!

Trap. His Highness knows travelling is chargeable; and besides, my stomach is of no ordinary dimensions.

Barb. Away with him, if he dispute your orders; call for the parish-whips to your assistance; take him away.

Trap. My Lord! my Lord!—such a primrose in a corner for your lordship! never blown upon, my Lord!

Barb. Force him along.

Trap. Flametta, my Lord; what says your lordship to Flametta? there, there are eyes my Lord! such eyes! and such bobbies!—Oh law!—*[is forced off, and all exeunt.]*

Enter DUKE, ALBERTO, Guards, and BRUNETTO.

Lav. I am not us'd to hearken after praise, or thanks for benefits by me conferr'd; then to the point, Sir.

This Lord, the watchful Argus of my honour, has charg'd you with a crime that stains the worth you shew'd in battle, and makes valour blush.

Brun. He's prejudic'd; I kill'd his son in fight, in service of my Prince, as he of you.

Lav. Well, pass that contest, Sir, and mark the rest. I have a sister, dear to me as fame, whom your presumptuous pride aspires to; what say you, Sir, to that? Confess your crime, keen torture shall revenge, or smother it, and torture shall extort it.

Brun. Sir, I disdain such servile threats, and dare your utmost rage; I own I love the Princess,—glory in my passion. This, with a soldier's freedom, I avouch, who scorns to lodge a thought he dares not own.

Lav. Chains, straw, and darkness! This is mere distraction! To prison with him; you that waited on him, be now his guard, thin diet and no light—such usage may restore him—away!—Make no reply, but drag him hence—

[BRUNETTO born off.]

DUKE AND NO DUKE

Enter BARBARINO.

Now mark me, Lords,
 Forza, the Duke of Milan (our old friend),
 Here offers me the beauteous Isabella,
 His daughter, for my wife, and instantly
 We will to Milan on the expedition,
 Which all kind powers assist!
 Therefore to you, my lords and counsellors,
 I do commit the reins of government,
 Until my safe return; your power
 I leave unlimited, and do enjoin you,
 Closely to guard our prisoner Brunetto.

Alb. So may your wish'd return be safe and speedy!

Lav. A few weeks

Shall grace our court with the fair Milanese,
 Therefore let's on, tis time we were away. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE, A Desert.

Enter TRAPOLINO.

Heigh ho! this banish'd life is very doleful.—What an
 inhuman duke was this! to banish me that never banish'd
 him; at every step I take, my poor Flametta comes into
 my mind; she met me at the town's end, and would
 fain ha' come along with me, but that I told her she was
 not banish'd, and might not — Methinks this is a very
 melancholly place. I han't met a living creature yet,
 but what had either wings or four feet. — Stay, let me
 bethink me where I shall betake my carcase! — I
 would to Rome now, and turn fryar, but that I've too
 much learning; a man of my occupation might once
 have finger'd the Pollux Ryals in Venice, but now the
 gentry go a more compendious way to work, and pimp
 for one another; O fie, it spoils all trading. *(Soft music.)*
 Ha! what sounds are these? Sure this place must be
 haunted! this, with a good dinner, now, were some-
 thing; but as it is, it feels as if they were playing upon
 my small guts. *(Thunder.)*

So now my airy friends are fall'n out among themselves
 — I wish his Highness wou'd come and banish me from
 hence too!

Thunder.

Thunder. Storm again. Conjuror rises seated in a chair.

Con. Son, thou art banish'd!

Trap. Yes, I know that. — But how the devil came you to know it?

Con. Why, the devil told me.

Trap. The devil he did! Nay, 'twas his own doing, so he can give the best account of it.

Con. Be not dismay'd, preferment waits upon thee; I am so far from hurting thee, that from poor Trapolin thou shalt become a Prince.

Trap. Look you there again: he knows my name. For certain this must be the devil's kinsman. — A prince! poor Trapolin thanks you, father conjurer, but he has no mind to domineer in hell; he knows where your territories lie.

Con. Besotted wretch! thou dost not understand me. I tell thee, son, thou shalt return to Florence,

Trap. Yes, and be hang'd for my labour.

Con. No, honour'd, exalted o'er thy fellows.

Trap. On a gibbet.

Con. There shalt thou shine in wealth, and roll in plenty; the treasures of the east shall court thy wear, and crowding beauties sue for thy embraces.

Trap. Sure I must ha' pimp'd for this old fellow formerly, he's so devilish kind. But tell me, father conjurer, pray let's know how all this shall be done?

Con. By *Eeo*, *Mao*, and *Areo*.

Trap. What they mean, I know not; however, I am satisfied; 'tis but going to the devil for it, and so much for that matter.

Con. Here, sit thee in this chair — fear not — sit down.

Trap. Well, what's to be done now? What, I'm to be shav'd here, am I? I shall rather, I believe, without either water or wash-ball.

Con. Sit still, and see the wonders of my art. *Eeo*, *Mao*, and *Areo*, arise and listen to my incantation.

Trap. What will become of this temporal body of mine? — I'm glud to my seat here. — But hark you me, good father, pray must this black retinue of yours needs appear?

Con.

Con. Of indispensable necessity.

Trap. Then be so good as let 'em appear invisibly ; I tell you I have no great inclination to their company ; you, you're enough like the devil to serve my turn,

Con. Now by the most prevailing spell,
That e'er amaz'd the pow'r of hell,
That midnight witches ever try'd,
While Cynthia did her crescent hide;
While watchful dogs to bark forbore,
The wolf to howl, the sea to roar,
While Robin do's his midnight chare,
And ploughmen sweat beneath the mare;;
By all the terrors of my skill,
Make haste and execute my will.

Thunder. TRAPOLIN *sinks.*

Now, proud Lavinio, little do'st thou know,
This secret practice of my just revenge. *(Soft music.*

The Spirits rise with TRAPOLIN dress'd exactly like LAVINIO.

Trap. Oh father ! What metal do you think I am made of, to travel thus under ground. Oh for a good dram of the bottle of a quart or two ! Call you this preferment ? Marry, he deserves it richly that goes to the devil for it. Not that I see any preferment neither.

Con. Thou dost not know thyself ; look in that mirror. *(Shews him a glass.)*

Trap. Who's there ? the Duke — Your highness is well return'd ; your faithful servant Trapolin begs one boon of your grace, which is to call him home again, and hang up this old wizard in his room, or else he'll conjure your grace out of your wits, and your subjects out of your dominions. — *(Trapolin bows low ; the Conjurers conceal the glass.)* Ha ! what's he gone again ? He's for a frisk under ground too, I suppose ; nay I made room enough for him, I can tell you that : I work'd like any mole, and made passages that you may thrust churches thro'.

Con. Know, simple wretch, 'tis thou thyself that represent'st

present'st the Duke; what in that glass thou saw'st, is but thy picture.

Trap. If that be my picture, I'll be sworn I'm the picture of the Duke.

Conj. And shalt be taken for the Duke himself: To Florence then, away, assume thy state.

Trap. Trust me for Duking of it; let me alone; for my part, I don't see why every man should not be a Duke in his turn.—But, father conjurer, pray what are the names of those pretty dark colour'd gentlemen, that stick so lovingly to the skirts of my royal coat?

Conj. *Eco, Meo and Areo*, invisible to all eyes but thy own—to watch and keep thee safe in time of danger.

Trap. Gentlemen, your most obedient—and I beg you'll stick close, boys—Well, father conjurer, give us your list; time's precious, d'ye see, with us great personages, so I shall be glad to meet you at court, to toss off a flaggon, or so, it may be the better for you; for (as I take it) we shall have some change in the ministry; so farewell.

Conj. Stay, son; take this.

(Gives him a paper of powder.)

Trap. What's this, a dose of physick?

Conj. No; 'tis *Pulvis altervisibilis*, of supernatural power; preserve it carefully and when a foe assaults, cast but this magic powder in his face, and thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

Trap. Here it goes then, *(Puts it loose in his pockets)* good now, I'm satisfy'd I am the Duke, which some shall rue. Well, father, fare you well! *Eco, Meo and Areo*, stick close, close.

*(Exit Trapolin.
Conjurer sinks.)*

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter BARBARINO and FLAMETTA.

Flam. I do beseech your honour to repeal
My only joy, my banish'd Trapolin;
Oh! favour once, a helpless virgin's prayers.
For, as your sovereign left his power with you,
He left his mercy also.

Bar

Barb. Her tears inflame me more; she must be won.

Flam. I do beseech your honour call him home.

Barb. And what return must I expect, fair maid?

Flam. By day or night you shall command——

Barb. What?

Flam. My prayers.

Barb. A hopefull recompence, indeed!

What statesman ever yet took prayers for pay? No, no, they deal in better coin — beauty and gold alone are baits for them. Who waits without?

Flam. Heaven shield me—sure you intend no violence!

Barb. What I intend is love; if you refuse 'tis you that makes the rape, not I. Who waits, I say?

Enter a Servant.

Flam. Help Heav'n!

Serv. My Lord, my Lord, most unexpected news!

Barb. Come near.

And bear the peevish girl to my apartment.

Serv. The Duke, my Lord, his Highness

Barb. Take her, Slave!

Serv. His Highness is return'd from Milan.

Barb. How's that?

The Duke return'd from Milan!

Serv. Just now arriv'd, my Lord, and coming hither.

Trap. (without) *Eco, Meo and Arco*, stick close, boys, close.

Barb. Ha! that's his voice, indeed! and here he comes in person. Away, dear maid, away.

Puts Flametta out.

Enter TRAPOLIN and SPIRITS. ALBERTO.

Trap. Stick close boys; close, I say——

Barb. Great Sir,

Upon our knees we welcome your return.

Trap. And on our legs we take it—hum—hum

(*Struts about.*)

Alb. Your Highness comes unlookt for, we didn't expect this happy time so soon, by fourteen days.

Barb. So please your Grace, where is our Duchess?

Trap. Your Duchess won't be here till—a—till, a—the Gods know when!——For my part, I know nothing at all of the matter.

Alb.

Alb. How wild he talks!

Trap. Well, what you never pity my misfortunes now! Here have I been rob'd in my journey, murder'd, squ's'd in the mire, had my horse taken from me, and, if it had not been for father conjurer——

Barb. How, Sir?

Trap. I say, if I had not been a conjurer, I'd ne'er got home again in my most royal skin.

Alb. What means your Highness?

Trap. Mean! What the devil shou'd I mean? My Highness means, to be sure, to take an exact account of our affairs: I left an honest fellow here, one Trapolin, what's become of him?

Barb. Your Highness gave me chaage to banish him.

Trap. Look'e there now! There's the pillar of our state gone! You took him for a buffoon, but I found him one of the ablest politicians in all Europe; other countries will find the value of him, and, for ought I know, he may be a prince, by this time.

Alb. I am amaz'd—This is mere frenzy!

Trap. (*aside*) There is another good friend of mine, Brunetto, where's he?

Alb. Dread, Sir! Your Highness knows full well, that for his presumption in courting of your royal sister, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but lying in this wicked world; I confine him! Why, 'tis well known, I never had a sister in my life.

Barb. No sister, Sir!

Trap. No, Jack Sauce; none that's worth imprisoning a friend for; honest Brunetto, I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a—*Eeo, Meo and Areo*, stick close, boys, close. *Exit.*

Barb. This kindness to Brupetto is most strange!

Alb. Let's after him and wait his better humour.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, a Prison.

Enter TRAPOLIN.

Trap. Phaugh, what a dismal place is here! Oda zounlikins! I'll have it carry'd bodily out of my dukedom.

dom.—Lackaday, poor Brunetto! What the devil can he ha' done to be shut up here? Oh, here he comes! —Stick close boys.

Enter BRUNETTO.

Bru. What may the Duke intend by coming hither?
——Great prince!—a——

(Bows low.)

Trap. He makes a very low leg; but I scorn to be out-done in courtesie——so

(Bows.)

Bru. What means this cruel mockery! *(aside)* Your Highness doth forget yourself extremely; I am your prisoner, you know.

Trap. My friend Brunetto, my best friend, I say!

Bru. I am astonish'd, Sir; upon my knees I do congratulate your safe return.

Trap. And upon my knees I do embrace thee, most reverend Brunetto.

Bru. I know not what to think or speak; I do beseech your Highness, rise.——

Trap. Not without thee; therefore up, I say; away with compliments, I cannot abide 'em.

Bru. You honour me above expression.

Trap. Pshaw, a fig for your honour; I love thee, man.—Sirrah, you jailor! here, bring chairs immediately.

Bru. Your Highness.——

Trap. Pshaw! away with Highness, highness me no highness——I say away with it; call me Lavin, plain Medices.

Bru. Sure I am awake, this is no dream!

Trap. Come, sirrah, what a while ha' you been bringing chairs! Why I have known a pimp made a prince in less time; Brunetto, sit down; sit you down, I say.

Bru. I will attend your Highness on my knees.

Trap. Nay, then here it goes again; I'm not thy father, am I? Get up, and sit thee here.

Bru. On the right hand——that must not be.

Trap. Why, an' thou wilt have it so, there, there let it be——and now tell us wherefore——But hold, I'm mistaken——let's see——ay——that, that's the left hand, that must not be either; what, do'st think I've got no manners?

(They change chairs several times.)

Bru.

Bru. There is no remedy: I must obey.

Trap. Very well——what now!—art afraid of me?
——(Marry a'n thou draw'st back) I'll draw back too;
therefore sit still, I say, and let us talk. Come tell us
Man—how cam'st thou here, into this damn'd dungeon,
ha?

Bru. Ay, now the storm is rising——pardon me,
dread sovereign.

Trap. What, on thy knees again! Zounds, get up,
or I'll——why what do'st take me for? Mahomet the
Impostor?——I tell thee once for all, that, as well as
I can pardon thee, I do, whatever it be: But let me
know thy crime.

Bru. Your Highness can't forget 'twas in aspiring to
your royal sister.

Trap. Hast marry'd her?

Bru. Beseech your Grace——

Trap. Well, an' thou hastn't, I wou'd thou had'st.
Hark y'e get her consent, and here I give thee mine; so
come along with me to dinner.

Bru. Your Highness shall command me to my death.

Trap. I say thou shalt have her, that's enough; and,
if I'd two sisters, thou should'st have 'em both.——Who
waits there——

Enter BARBARINO, ALBERTO, and Attendants.

Come hither; nearer Lords: You see this apartment,
don't you? and thought fit to have my little Bru-
netto, here, shut up in't, for making love to my sister,
didn't you?

Alb. Sir, it was your Highness's own command.

Trap. It was, umph! jailor, take me these two Cox-
comby Lords, and d'ye hear, keep 'em safe under lock
and key: they are never well, but when they are do-
ing mischief: O 'my conscience and soul, here's such in-
cumbrance of perplexity, that I protest——come along,
friend——*Eco Meo* and *Areo*, mind your——stick
close, I say——

Exit with BRUNETTO.

B

SCENE

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

SCENE the Palace.

Re enter TRAPOLIN

This Duke's life is very p'asant! Did ever man come to preferment upon cheaper terms! I am made a Prince, and father conjurer goes to the devil for it.—— What's here, Oho! If this be the Princess, I'll be sworn Brunetto is a liquorish dog.

Enter PRUDENTIA.

Pru. Ten thousand welcomes, Sir; I never found such tedious hours as since you left the court.

Trap No! Well then you'll gi' me a buss, to welcome me home, won't you?——That's kind, you are our sister, I suppose, ha?

Pru. I hope my conduct, Sir, has ne'er giv'n cause to doubt it: I am your sister, Sir, and servant.

Trap. Umph!——I am sorry for't indeed!

Pru. I do beseech your Highness, on what ground?

Trap. For a carnal reason, that shall be nameless; but, since we are brother and sister, why, we must e'en make the best on't, and content our selves as well as we can.——But, sister, to our affair in hand, for I'm vengeance hungry. I can tell you that. At my return, I found Brunetto here in goal, and, as they say, for love of you; tell me truly, can you fancy him, pretty face?

Pru. Your will, Sir, is the square of all my actions, I own I've no aversion to Brunetto. Besides, his quality, tho' yet conceal'd, is worthy of your blood; he is a Prince, Sir: His real name, Horatio, and the second son of Savoy's Duke.

Trap. How's this! My friend Brunetto a Prince! I'll be sworn I no more thought o' seeing him a Prince, than myself. Sister, take notice, you've my consent either to marry him, or——mum——there's an end——say no more!

*Exit PRUDENTIA.**(Noise without)*

Hey day! What's here to do?

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, this is the day and hour in which your Highness, was wont to determine causes in your chair of state, and accordingly here are several persons waiting to appeal for justice.

Trap. How, justice before I've din'd! I tell you it's impossible; I remember I'd like to ha' been hang'd once myself because the judge was fasting; however, for once let 'em enter.

(Takes the chair.)

So, here sits the government; in the first place, d'ye see, I'd have the court take notice that, in affairs of state, I think words are not to be multiply'd; and as I think so, I shall not do so; and, if I do not, no body else must; so in this assembly, he that speaks little will fare better than he that talks much, and he that says nothing at all better than both.

Enter several PEOPLE.

A WOMAN stands forth.

1st Wom. I do beseech your Highness do me justice; I have liv'd long in fame amongst my neighbours; my husband, too, bore office in the parish, 'till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highness; and left me but one dear and only daughter, whom this old sinner has debauch'd and spoil'd her fortune.

Trap. Ay, how did he this? lawfully, by the help of a pimp, or without one?

1st Wom. Oh, most unlawfully, Sir; for he has a wife, and a son too of his own inches.

Trap. A son of his own inches! Oho! then the decision of this cause is easy: Do you hear woman? We will have that son debauch'd; you shall get that son's maiden-head, and spoil his fortune.

1st Wom. I do beseech your Grace.

Trap. Away, away woman! No, replying after sentence—Stand forth, whose cause is next!

2d Wom. Great Duke of Tuscany, vouchsafe to hear me. I am a poor and helpless widow, one that had no comfort left me but my child, whom this vile villain Whip, the coachman here, being drunk, drove over, and

hath left him dead. I do beseech your Highness make my case your own, and think what sad distress. —

Trap. Hold, hold, I'll have no flourishing — This cause requires some half a minute's consideration! Whip the coachman, you say, being drunk, drove over your child, and kill'd him; why, look you, woman, drink will make a coachman a Prince, and, *vice versa*, by the rule of proportion, a Prince a coachman; so that this may be my own case another time; however, that shall make no obstruction of justice — therefore I do decree that sturdy Whip here shall be suspended from driving 'till he hath whip'd you up another child.

2d Woman. So please your Grace, this is still worse.

Trap. No replying after sentence, take her hence who's next.

A PURITAN stands forth.

Pur. May it please your temporal authority —

Trap. How now, my mortify'd brother of Geneva! what carnal controversy are you engag'd in?

Pur. Verily, there is nothing carnal in my cause: I have sustained violence, much violence, and must have much compensation from the ungodly.

Trap. What is your grievance?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the words of sincerity.

Trap. I care not a farthing for sincerity, let me have it in brevity.

Pur. This person here is by occupation a mason or tiler, as the language of the world termeth it: while therefore I stood contemplating a new mansion that I had prepared unto myself, at the same time that this person occupied his vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied, (for such was his wicked negligence) that he fell from the top of the building most unconscionably upon my outward man: yes, with all his carnal weight, and bruised me exceedingly; I being cloathed then in thin array, thro' the immoderate heat of the season.

Trap. And how might you be cloathed?

Pur. I had on no more than five cassocks or coats, seven cloaks, and only one dozen of quilted night-caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a most important matter; if such enormities go unpunish'd, what subject can be safe! why, if any perverse, hot-headed fellow take a picque against his neighbour, it is but getting up eight, or ten, or fifteen stories high, and so fall slap down upon him as he stands.

stands thinking no harm in the street: I do therefore decree that this tiller shall stand below, while you get upon the battlements of the house, and fall down upon him.

Pur. Fie, fie, this is monstrous, monstrous —

Trap. Away, away with him; stop his mouth; as for petty causes, why let 'em wait 'till we have din'd; for 'till great rogues are rewarded, little ones arn't worth notice; so come along, boys; *Eo, Meo, and Airo*, stick close, close — [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE, *Front of a PRISON.*

Enter DUKE LAVINIO.

THE face of things seems alter'd since I went: as yet I've met with nought but what's astonishing. No welcome do I find, but state respect, the forc'd attendant of continual presence.

BARBARINO and ALBERTO appear at the grates.

Barb. Most gracious Sir, — pity your subjects, and most faithful servants.

Lav. Confusion! Are my eyes and ears both charm'd? Our deputies, whom we did leave in trust of our whole power, confin'd in goal! set 'em at large, and in my presence, now. Sure some ill spirit hath possess'd my people! come hither, Lords, d'ye know me? who am I?

Barb. The Duke of Florence, our most gracious master.

Lav. Are not you call'd Alberto, Sir? You Barbarino? My prudent, faithful counsellors, to whom I left the government of Tuscany?

Alb. We are your loyal subjects, tho' your prisoners.

Lav. Pris'ners! How came you so, Sir? speak.

Barb. Your Highness sent us thither.

Lav. When—when did I so?

Alb. That self same time you went to free Brunetto; to whom you have given your royal sister, and did call him second son of Savoy.

Lav. Alberto, mark me.

I swear by this my royalty and dukedom, I'd rather send for that Brunetto's head.

Alb. Beseech your highness, look, let your own eyes convince you of the truth.

Lav. What do I see?

Enter BRUNETTO and PRUDENTIA.

Blagues, pestilence, and whirl-winds part 'em.

Pru. My royal brother!

Lav. Damn'd infernal creature.

Bru. I did suspect at first 'twas his distraction.

Pru. Wherein, dear Sir, have I deserv'd this usage?

Lav. Sulphur choak thy voice!

I'll spend no breath upon a thing so vile;

You, Sir, my new-made fav'rite, come near and tell me, are you son to Savoy's duke.

Bru. Your Highness knows I am his second son.

Lav. Then know, Sir, were you Savoy's eldest son, My sister once deserv'd a better match, To prison with the boaster Till Savoy fetch him hence.

(Guards carry him off into the prison.)

Sleep shall not close my eyes, nor food refresh me, 'till we have search'd this mischief to the core.

We'll spare no means, that may our peace secure, Such desperate ills, must have a desperate cure. *(Exeunt.)*

(Manet, Prudentia, weeping.)

Enter TRAPOLIN.

Trap. *Eco, Meo, and Areo,* stick close, boys, close. Who's here? the princess in tears!—Poor dear little honey suckle! how she sobs! She almost makes me snivel too—a brace of bumpers now wou'd do the business!—Sister, how do'st do? come, cheer up, cheer up, cheer up—What, I know your grievance, and out of natural affection have provided for you—dry up your little

little twinklers — Whimper no more, you marry the Prince Horatio this very night — and a liquorish dog he is, by the bye.

Prud. Most wonderful ! One minute then has chang'd his sullen humour ! (*Aside.*) But why, Sir, have you made him a close prisoner ?

Trap. A prisoner, say you ? — Run guards and fetch him to our presence — Who's there ? some wine here, slaves ; be quick, and fill a brimmer — Here, sister, here's a bundle of love to you — Come honey, take a tippie — Sorrow's dry.

BRUNETTO brought in here.

Dear Prince Horatio, an' you don't forgive my locking you up, I shall never be merry again ; so here's at you.

Brn. Upon my knees I pay my humble thanks.

Trap. Come, come, take her along, man ; take her along ; what the plague, I know what you'd be at well enough — d'ye hear ? cuddle her, cuddle her heartily.

Exit BRUNETTO and PRUDENTIA.

(*BARBARINO and ALBERTO pass over the stage.*)

Who's yonder ? my Lords Banishers, at large again ? Will the government never be able to drink in quiet for 'em ! Seize those traitors there, and carry 'em to prison ; and d'ye hear, firrah ! mark me well — it shall be treason for any body to let 'em out.

Off. Unless by order from your Highness.

Trap. Order or no order, rascal, it shall be treason to let 'em out — Away with 'em, — go — fly — avaunt.

(*Carried off.*)

What *bona roba* have we here ?

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My dearest Lord —

Trap. Who are you madam ?

Isab. Do you not know me, Sir ?

How am I alter'd since I came from Milan ?

Trap. Oh ! 'tis the Dutchess ; you are our wife, you'll say.

Isab. Sir !

Trap. I'm glad of it, I promise you ; come kiss me then, kiss me incontinently.

Isab.

Ifab. What mean you, Sir? You are merrily dispos'd.

Trap. Why ay, my dainty Dutchess! I'm somewhat jovial, indeed, frolicksome, or so—I have been drinking a little freely, so kills me again.

Ifab. My Lord!

Trap. You're a handsome female, truly!—and tell me, dearest, a'n't I a proper man, too, ha?

Ifab. Sir, you know you are the man whom I esteem above the world.

Trap. Ah—ha—what a winning look was there!

To bed, my dear, to bed; I'll just take t'other flask, to put state-affairs out of my head, and then—ah, ha, ha,——*Eco, Meo, and Aro*; stick close, close.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, *Out-side of the prison.*

Enter Duke LAVINIO.

Ye glorious planets, that do nightly guide
The giddy ships upon the ocean's brink,
If your malignant influences
Have rais'd this madness in my subjects' minds,
Let some more gentle aspects now
Restore 'em to their senses——

(BARBARINO and ALBERTO appear in prison.)

I am astonish'd! Heav'n's, what do I see?

My lords imprison'd! free 'em instantly,

Without reply,——

O grant me patience! patience, all ye powers!

I wonder, lords, that you of all my subjects,

Whom I have known to bear the noblest minds,

Should thus distract yourselves!

You run to prison of your own accord,

And say I sent you thither,

Alb. Most Royal Sir, we grieve to see these days;

It was your own command.

Lav. Mine!

Capt. It was so, please your grace;

You did again commit 'em.

That very hour on which you set 'em free,

Lav.

Lav. I commit them!

I tell you all, with sorrow, you are mad.

Therefore in this small interval of sense,

Bestake you, with one voice, to your devotion,

And pray the incens'd gods to be appeas'd,

And keep you from relapse.

Both. Heav'n bless your Highness!

Officer Amen. —

[Exeunt.]

TRAPOLIN discovered asleep.

What a princely nap have I taken — heigho —

But, as I remember, I was to have gone to my Dutches:

However, since I shou'd only have slept, I believe 'tis as

well as it is. — Gi' me a bumper, sirrah, charge —

How now! what's here? — my lords at liberty a-

gain!

Enter BARBARINO, ALBERTO, and officer.

Barb. Long live your Highness.

Trap. Amen. *(drinks.)*

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen to that too — but my small friends, hark ye, how came you hither? I thought you'd been safe under lock and key.

Barb. Alas! he's relaps'd again.

Trap. Sirrah, you captain, why kept you not these vermin up 'till I bid you let 'em out?

Capt. So, please your Grace, I did.

Trap. How' rascal! — Will you lie to my most princely face. *(Throws wine in his face.)* To kennel with 'em: walk my good lords banishers; your honours know the way, along with 'em, trugh, trugh.

(BARBARINO and ALBERTO carried off.)

Thus far, I take it, we have kept the government in good order; now for my Dutches! lead to her Grace's apartment, *Eco, Meo, and Ateo*, stick close. *(Exit.)*

Enter Duke LAVENIO and servant.

Lav. I've found, I've found at last the fatal riddle.

Call Barbarino and Alberto to me.

Serv.

Serv. From prison, sir.

Lav. From prison, slave! what mean'st thou?

Serv. Your Highness but this minute sent 'em thither; nor will your officer at my request release 'em, unless you send a token.

Lav. Here, take my signet for a token, bid 'em attend me instantly in my apartment.

It is, it must be so, some spiteful bend,

Permitted by the Heav'ns, assumes my shape,

And what I do undoes; no other cause

Remains in nature for these strange effects;

Pity, ye Gods, your lab'ring minister;

Remove this plague, and save the state of Florence.

(Exit)

Enter TRAPAZIN.

The next is the Duchess's bed-chamber, and yonder she is—ugh—h—h—fast asleep—umph—what a neck and breast is there?—Now do I reckon that my friend Brunetto and I shall consummate much about a time; to be sure, I ought to ha' seen him a-bed first, but some how or other, natural affection has triumph'd over my good manners, so e'en welcome venery.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Here's your ring.

Trap. What ring?

Serv. Your signet, sir, with which you sent me to release the prisoners.

Trap. My signet? oh—ay—well, well, well, give it me: Now, go slave, commend me to Brunetto, and bid him start fair, d'ye hear?

Serv. From prison, Sir.

Trap. From prison, say you? How happens that? Here, take my signal again, and release him straight, say, I charge him on his allegiance to go to bed to the Princess directly—Make all fast without there, I can find the way to her Grace by myself.

(Exit Servant.)

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

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As he is going, LAVINIO Enters.

Lav. What do I see!

This is the hellish phantom that has confound'd our court:
Good Gods, how he resembles me!

Trap. Good Gods, how he resembles me!

Lav. Ev'n I myself, would almost take him for myself.

Trap. Ev'n I myself, would almost take him for myself.

Lav. What art thou?

Trap. What art thou?

Lav. What art thou?

Trap. I am Lavinio, Duke of Tuscany.

Lav. He speaks too, and usurps my name;
I'll try if thou hast substance; struggle not, for thou
might'st sooner break from Hercules. I'll have thee freed
from thy enchanted skin.

Trap. I say, beware of treason; flea off my skin!

Both. { Guards, guards, guards!

{ Guards, guards, guards!

Both. { A traitor, a traitor!

{ A traitor, a traitor!

(As they are struggling, TRAPOLIN flings the enchanted powder in his face, LAVINIO quits his hold)

Trap. There, there's some of father conjurer's powder
for you, some of his anti-devilish——what it'll do for
me, I know not, but there 'tis.

Lav. The sorcerer has blinded me.

Trap. Yes, so wou'd powder of post ha' done that
(but if this be all the wonderful effects) I'll e'en save my
skin, by shewing a tight pair of heels for it. *Eco, Meo,*
and *Aveo*, stick close boys, close.

Exit running.

Lav. Stop, stop the traitor, help, guards, guards!

Exit. after him.

*(Noise continues sometime of guards! guards! here he
is, catch him, there he is, hold him fast.)*

Re enter TRAPOLIN.

Trap. Oh—oh—What will become of me? I shall
never have the heart to swagger it out, the guards are
coming

coming too ——— Oh rare powder ! that's done the job,
faith.

Re-enter LAVINIO, in the likeness of TRAPOLIN.

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou
Proteus.

Enter Captain and Guards.

Trap. Help, subjects, help ; your natural Duke's
assaulted.

1st Off. Audacious slave !

Lav. Death and furies !

2d Off. What Trapolin return'd !

Trap. Trapolin ! no, no, Trapolin was too honest a
fellow to assault his own natural Prince. This is some
villain transform'd by magic to his likeness, and I'll have
him flead from his enchanted skin.

Lav. Blood and vengeance !

Trap. Look to him carefully ; see how he foams at
the mouth : Look to him 'till you get our farther orders
—— Now once more for our Duchels, *Eco, Meo, and*
Areo, come along boys, stick close.

Exeunt.

Lav. Unhand me, slaves ! I'm the Duke your sove-
reign.

All. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Lav. That villain that went out's a damn'd impostor.

2d Off. Compose thyself, poor Trapolin.

Lav. What mean the slaves by Trapolin ?

Enter FLAMETTA.

Flam. My Trapolin ! Oh, I'm o'erjoy'd !
You're welcome home. I fear'd alas ! I ne'er should see
you more.

Lav. Blood and fire !

Flam. This is unkind, to treat me with such coldness,
after so long an absence.

Lav. Confusion !

Nay then 'tis time to lay me thus on earth. And (lost
to every sense) blend with my parent clay. (*Lies down.*

Enter

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

Enter ALBERTO and TRAPOLIN.

Trap. *Eco, Meo, and Arco, rare boys, still stick close,*
I'm out of breath with looking for her Grace—
the bed I found but no Dutchess, and not one of her wo-
men can tell me where she is hid, (*Enter Dutchess*) here
they are now, all in a bundle.—*Ab! my little*
pigsneys, what a naughty trick was this, to spirit thyself
away, when you know how frighted I am with lying
alone.—

Enter BRUNETTA and PRUDENTIA.

Hay my princely friend! hast thou consummated? That
sheepish look o' thine confesses guilt. Well, married,
or not married, I'm resolv'd to see you a-bed together
incontinently.

Lav. The devil you shall! (*rising hastily.*

Flam. Dear Trapolin, be quiet; you will destroy
yourself and me.—I do beseech your Grace forgive
him, alas he's lunatic.

Trap. Poor Trapolin! that ever such good parts
as thine, shou'd come to this.

Lav. What mean you all By Trapolin.

I am Lavinio.

I am the Tuscan Duke; this an impostor;

That (by dam'd magic and infernal arts)

Hath rais'd these strange chimeras in our court.

Trap. Shew him a glass, shew him a glass.

A glass brought.

Lav. What do I see! Ev'n thus I seem to them.

Plagues, death and sorres! This is

Witchcraft all: Still I assert my right;

I am Lavinio.

Trap. Nay, then I see, he'll ne'er come to good.

To prison with him, take him hence, away.

(*As they are carrying him off, thunder, the conjurer*
riseth.)

Conj. Turn thee, Lavinio, Duke of Tuscany.

Lav. Ha! what art thou that own'st my pow'r and
title.

Disclaim'd by all my subjects? —

Trap.

Trap. How! Father Conjures here!
I warrant he's going to the devil now, and so calls at
the court for company.

Lav. I know that voice.

Conj. Remember Guicciardi, the Tuscan court,
Whom twelve years since, thou did'st unjustly banish:
Those tedious hours I chiefly have apply'd
To magic studies; and, (in just revenge)
Have rais'd these strange disorders in thy court.
Now pardon what is past, I'll set all right.

Lav. I swear by all the honours of my state, I will.

Trap. So, here's his Grace and the devil upon articles
of agreement, and excluding me from the treaty.

Conj. Then take that chair—*Go, Meo, and Azzo, at-
tend and execute my will—*

(*Lavinio takes the chair.*)

Bra. What mean these prodigies!

Conj. Ye noble Florentines suspend your fears
And you shall see the wonders of my skill:
Come, sirrah, sit you here.

Trap. Not I old Belzebub! I'll e'en banish myself; now
I have the power in my own hands—

Conj. Sit down, I say, without convocation.

Trap. Now boys: my little *Go, Meo, and Azzo,*
Stick by me now, or else—O la!

(*They both sink.*)

(*Soft musick, and they rise again transform'd into their
own appearance.*)

Omn. The Duke! good Heav'n!
How have our eyes been charm'd!

Lav. Where have I been?

Trap. In very good company; I can tell you that.

Lav. Sure all has been a dream.

Trap. Then I wish I was asleep still.

Conj. Your royal word is past, you pardon all.

Lav. I do, and weep for joy

To see my subjects to their sense restor'd.

Conj. Brave Prince Horatio, your elder brother

The Duke of Savoy's dead.

Lav. Then he is Savoy,

Sir, I intreat forgiveness of what's past,

And wish you lasting joy—

(*Gives*



A 101 **DUEL AND DUKE** 102

(*Gives him Prudentia.*)

But for that fiend the impostor seize and secure him there.

(*Guard seize Trapolin.*)

Now tell me, slave, what art thou?

Trap. Shall I tell your Highness in one word?

Lav. A word! a syllable, or else thou diest:

Trap. A pimp — neither more nor less than a pimp —
There's a monosyllable at your service — A very useful
member of society I can tell you that —

Lav. Hence with him to the rack conduct him quick —

Trap. O dear father Conjuror, won't you stand by me?

Conj. Please your Grace a general pardon's seal, &
let no one be exempt.

Lav. Well be it so then — my passion shall subside —
pardon all — and seal that pardon with a general jubilee —
— Come let festivity begin, and usher it with a dance.

(*Dance.*)

F I N I S

(The following **URLAYS** are printed for A.

(**DONALDSON.**)

TRAGEDIES.

Mahomet the Impostor, } Voltaire.
The Orphan of China, }
The Siege of Damietta, } Hughes.
The Christian Hero, } Lillo.
Don Sebastian, }
Indian Emperor, }
All for Love, } Dryden.
The Spanish War, or double discovery, }
Theodosius, or the force of Love, } Lee.
King Henry the V. or Conquest of France, } Hill.
Oroonoko, Southern, }
The Earl of Essex, } Brooke.
Gustavus Vasa, }
Phedra and Hippolitus, }
The Ambitious Step-mother, } Rowe.

COMEDIES.

The Miser, Fielding.
The Provoked Wife, Vanburgh.
The Recruiting Officer, }
The Constant Couple, } Farquhar.
Sir Harry Wildair, }
The Guardian, }
The Way to keep him, } Murphy.
The Beggars Opera, }
The second part of ditto, being Polly an Opera. } Gay.

FARCES.

High Life below Stairs,
Don Quixote in England,
Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades,
The Vintner in the Suds,
The Strollers,
Duke and no Duke;



Gay!